

My thoughts about this whole thing

I would be surprised if anyone enjoyed the stuff I brought here

But I suppose people would be interested in its “deleted scenes” as it were

I think people would at least get a kick out of them

I still don't think they're that good though... I most likely have stuff like it in the actual short story ideas but I'm a climber not a mountaineer... sorry that was just a dumb excuse not to look through the whole thing

with that out of the way... just type down between the lines why you're here? I'd appreciate to have it

I have such an urge to make a “I'll read between the lines” joke but nah screw it

Burning in hell

I've been feeling absolutely horrible these past few days

My hypothesis is that it's me avoiding all entertainment but Youtube but that's about it

I can't play the piano as well somehow

Every time I'd take a break couple of days later I'd still have it

But today it was horrible I only remembered first few parts and then it went downhill

It doesn't even count the actual beginning of the music which completely messed me up multiple times and I even gave up on it and ignored it opting to only look at the second part

In school I drew 2 frames of nothing but redrawing of a grave stone and nothing else not even with detail just lines

And all I wrote today was about a stupid meaningless idea that had no purpose

Of course if people could build a tall tower with iron or gold at its tip obtaining energy from thunder they would've done it by now

That's so stupid

And I right now feel like I have truly nothing to do with my life other than suffer in school go back home take a break and magically feel more tired in the end of the break do the homework and die

If not art not writing not music not writing stories not even playing the piano gives me any will to live then what the hell am I supposed to do

I feel frustrated my heart feels heavy and my little cunt of a sister continues to be an annoying bitch that DESERVES TO BE DECAPITATED

And other absolutely horrible stuff I will not mention here

(this shows what I consider torture nowadays

It's not even parents arguing or suicidal thoughts

I feel sorry for people who suffer more than me and have to read me acting like a crying child over stupid stuff like this)

Story thought!

Psychopath

In the closet was a small girl listening to the foot steps entering the class room

Passing the dead body spewing out blood

There was a sound of the knife grinding against the metal seats from the right until stopping when it got close to the closet

The foot steps got quieter but then started another sound of grinding metal

Getting closer and closer once again from the left this time

His voice was of sick joy

10

9

8

7

6

5

4

3

2

1

The door of the closet opened the girl staying quiet under the shelves

"I like playing a little game with my friend

It's called "mirror the other"

I get to do what I know she would do

And she would do what she thinks I would do

Yet she still doesn't see it

Quite sad really"

A knife dropped right in front of her next to the feet of the person

"Oh? my knife dropped

It would be a shame if anybody took it and tried slicing my guts out

Or dug it deep into my eyes

I won't judge it's your choice"

He said like he was holding his laughter

"It would be a shame if anyBODY here would've decided not to take this opportunity

It would be a shame if I kneeled down and looked to my left into your tearful eyes

It would be a shame if I killed you for the millionth time

It would be a shame for me to put your hand in my lunch box

Leave your head in the doorstep of your friends

Play a little game with your soft arms”

Everything stayed quiet

The girl could barely hold her puke in her mouth

Until he pushed the knife behind him using his foot

“Maybe I was wrong

There is nobody here

Maybe I am a little mad”

He walked out of the closet and closed it

The sound of steps echoed until the loud bashing of the door

The girl quietly moved out from underneath the hiding spot and
leaned her ear against the door

There was no sound

Not even a breath

She peeked through the key hole yet saw the class empty, the
blood from the corpse that was leaning against the table still
spreading

She opened the door slightly and peeked through the door but
only saw darkness

She looked up

A wide toothy grin with flesh stuck between the teeth spewing blood out

Eyes open wide with small pupils lifelessly starring down

His head bent down

The girl shut the door immediately and moved back against the wall weeping

The boy opened the door, letting in the scorching light of the sun

“Did you miss me?”

He walked closer and closer

The girl fell on her knees looking away hiding her head under her hands

She felt a strong grip around her hand and she started crying loudly

But then felt the bottom of the knife being put in her hand as supposed to the sharp pain of the tip, the boy closing her hand around the grip for her and pressing it against something

She opened her eyes and saw a knife in her hand pressing against his chest

“You know what you want”

The wide toothy grin and deadly stare didn't leave that was looking straight into her eyes but the boy's eyes were tearing up

“Please

I can’t take this no longer

I hate the fire burning my organs every day

I hate that I either have to choke the fire to death by ending myself or piling enough bodies on it to let the blood cut it out

I can’t take this

It hurts

You have a heart right? Prove to my friend what she is like me

Prove to my friend that this is what she wanted

Cut my heart out and let her see it

Say what game I was playing with her

Or else you’ll be the girlfriend in this game of death”

This was an idea of the main character in doki doki literature club losing his mind after seeing Sayori die

Killing himself over and over until he’d begin creeping Monika out by killing others

Once she tried talking to him when he had a creepy smile and unblinking eyes in class that made everyone uncomfortable

The second she'd utter a voice he'd bash the knife onto the table

"Did I give you permission to speak?"

Before opening his lunch box taking a bite out of flesh from a small hand before putting the knife inside and walking away

Even after waking up at the spawn point in his bed to hear sayori knocking on the door saying her friend told her you weren't doing well he would still be mad

Even after knowing she was brought back to life

He would feel like it was a way of monika showing fear and nothing else just trying to stop her torture instead of this being a way of showing that she realized she hurt him by doing that

It's just a silly little idea I had that I refused to let die

Arms go pop

In the future every person that does any sort of crime and are proven guilty with no possible proof that they were not the one to do it are forced to get in a line

The line leads them to a person in charge of leaving a mark on their arm, the more severe their crime was the farther away the line is drawn and the max being on the shoulder

Then they are sent to a hallway forced to see people put their arm into a hole that leads to a cubical in which their arm is cut off by another person

The people in the cubicles are also wrong doers, the people that enjoy cutting people's hands have their hands cut off to make their job more difficult while for others it's a way of punishment for being disobedient in their real line of work

Dave is one of those people but he took this job for a reason

He wants to bring people who're going to lose their arm some comfort before he cuts them off

Sometimes even taking his sweet time communicating to the person that put their hand there to communicate by swiping letters on their skin to make them feel the letters he's writing and then them writing with the tips of their fingers

Or in more rare instances people either have tattoos with text on them because they knew they would have their arm cut off to make it harder for the executioners to cut them off by making themselves seem more like real people

Or sometimes they write something on their hand when they arrive there

Dave is a gentle fellow he sometimes even lets people go because he sees no point on cutting their finger tips if their sin was so small

He doesn't care as to how nice or horrible the hand looks because he more focuses on how the arms act and looking for any details that would tell him more about their life choices such as tattoos or wounds or writings

He also focuses on the blood pulse often to make sure they are as calm as possible

His other co workers are always quick and efficient while they cut 30 to 40 arms per day he only takes 1 or 2 at most because of his determination to have the people using their arms have time to say goodbye to their arm or hand before losing them

He also makes sure to read the reports of the person he is cutting the hand of using his computer next to the chopping table

Unlike his co workers that only cut hands like robots

When dave sees that the person killed or harmed someone else instead of just stealing or breaking property he instantly changes from charismatic to a machine

Actually machine would be too generous he's more like a wild animal that chops their arm slice after slice until finally reaching the line

Unless he sees any reports of them killing or hurting for anything other than sick enjoyment or any reason that would be more relatable

To any of the executioners out there

Be like Dave

Even if you'll likely be paid less at least people who'll lose a piece of themselves (or not) will remember you as a unique human being instead of a heartless judge

Oh and yeah I said it they can choose not to chop an arm off even if it docks their pay and they are forced through physical torture because of it they can choose

In his drawer are many different cleavers but he also has one sharp knife

Whoever he spares he draws or writes something on their arm to leave a scar art including Dave's horrified and anxious face in a cheeby anime style or the face of the person he's going to chop the arm off of

Even if he can't see their face because of the inclosed cubicles he can still get a reference image of their face from his computer off of the reports

It leaves those people with an everlasting memory of the time they were spared in the form of the scare but also it lets Dave

more easily find them and talk to them about their struggles after the work and the punishment are over

His work is like a punishment anyways yes but hey people are forced to go there for misbehaving and acting irrationally like impulsive children so of course people will expect some misbehaving around those parts

While everyone else thinks of the second punishment of being whipped and having rocks thrown at them as they spin around being too bad for them and take their job more seriously Dave has a strong heart and is willing to take it for the team

He even made an online group chat for every person he left an art on

So yes this is a world where every action has a horrible punishment

Including anything like bullying someone online, manipulation and making people want to commit suicide

Or as small as just being mean on the internet just for braindead fun

Some people would prefer to live in this kind of world

I think it would be great to finally see people who think they'll face no consequences for their actions lose a limb or two

But if I have to take a note off of Dave's book I think it would be for the best to just give them a less permanent and heartless punishment

Didn't want it

A girl walks back sneakily after seeing a creature with 4 long limbs climbing through and on the trees

She hits something with her back which leads her to pause with widened eyes

Whatever she interacted with grinded against the ground moving away its sound getting quieter and quieter as it was covered by the darkness

She heard strong impact on the ground either side of her making the ground shake

There was a head the size of her whole body moving down next to her

"What brings you hope?"

The head spoke, like it was wearing a white mask, it had no mouth, no eyes, no nose just its skin stretched and his jaw moved

The girl said nothing

"Sorry I couldn't hear you clearly"

The sound of impact was heard closer this time, it was a large elbow

The head ripped a piece of his skin using his sharp finger and opened the hole wide

There was a hole surrounded by corpses molding and moving in and out of one another

The voice from underneath the skin was louder

“Could you say that again?”

The girl refused to look, but even then she could hear the wet sliding of the corpses against one another some even breathing

The head leaned to the ground closing his skin

The imprint of his mouth looked visibly sad, even the teeth had an imprint on it

“I didn’t ask to be born this way” his voice was broken as if he was in the verge of tears

“I mean no harm”

The girl began walking forward

The long arms bashed onto the ground in front of her, closing her in

The giant laid down and begun crying from under his skin in the circle he inclosed her into

His tears making his skin swell as it made its way to the holes on his ears pouring out water like a fountain

“You hate me because I look horrible? You want me to die alone? Is that what you want?” He said with a quiet broken voice

The circle around her begins to rise with tears

And the circle begins to raise up in size

His bones cracking as his pale flesh and black clothing stretch
upwards inclosing her in a dome

Lost poems

Laugh and tears

A light is up ahead

It is blinding

So I turn away

I see my shadow tare others down

The light goes farther away the shadow becomes
stronger in the darkness

I

Am

Just

So

Exhausted

No matter how close I get to the light again

The shadows drag me back into the darkness

Along with the shadows of others

A candle doesn't fix the eternal night

I don't know

If this is

A nightmare

Or a dream

Corpses speak

To us all

Synchronized

In our sleep

Speak to us

Speak to me

Speak to you

Every dream

Bury us

Bury us

Let

The memories

Erase

Their blood

Their screams

Their pain

We Heard it all

Screaming sounds

Running sounds

Coughing sounds

It's not there

My last words

Hidden in

The shadow

Of the noise

Heart pumping

Slowing down

Falling down

It goes dark

Bury us

Bury us

Bury us

Our hearts ache

But at least

We are still

Living in

People's dreams

But we still

Do not want

To be

In their minds

We do not

Want to be

The reason

For their heart ache

This is meant to fit with a song “million of scarlet roses”

Sad child to mad elderly

Drawing in the train station with friends was what David
did most in the Marvin Ground

Away from his family because they sounded too harsh

Saying things like how it was “dangerous” outside

That his friends wanted him to get hurt

And that since he hides so much they can't tell if he's sneaking out of the house or still at home playing which stresses them out

One night after saying goodbyes to his friends

He goes towards home at night after the fun

He heard plane noises followed by loud explosions

He ran towards the place they've already bombed so that he'd avoid the blast zones

Later going home to check on his family

Just to see a broken door

Surrounded by broken walls, windows and... Bones... flesh... is that... blood?

What has he done?!

They... looked for him

To get him out of the place he wasn't in

And just like that...

“Nothing but family” gets shouted through the radio

Every day

In David’s Ground

People held at gunpoint

When they sleep

When they eat

When they speak

If they get near someone who's not relative

Even if they look at each other's eyes

Boom

Crunch

Splat

"Family shall be the only people you care for"

Says the voice of a shaking old man

"Your friends will make your life a misery"

"Don't you want to know the tales of the elderly?"

Don't you care for the adult's reasoning for restrictions?

Do you even care about why you exist?

How you came to be?

To play tennis with your mother?

To read books with grandpa?

There is limited time for all
your family will only live on

In

Your

Heads

Don't make them a nightmare

Make those memories count!

This is David's daily radio

Thanks for remembering my words to people who can
listen

Unlike the monsters spreading their guts and brains on
the streets

Hell to spreading the sadness

Having kids of our own and making them cry on our
graves

We shall embrace our limited time with the families we
have

Be happy with what we have and perish alongside the-

A gun goes off

Reloading

"I always hated listening to the radio"

Was heard through the radio

Silence turned to a storm of joy, freedom of destruction,
freedom of hate, freedom of anger

And then quiet once more...